THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

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ABIDE WITH ME.

Abide with me, I need Thee every day
To lead me on through all the weary way.
When storms surround, and only clouds I see,
Lord, be my comfort and abide with me.
Abide with me, Lord, where'er my path may lead,
Fulfill Thy word, supply my every need;
Help me to live each day more close to Thee,
And, O dear Lord, I pray, abide with me!
Abide with me, my Lord, and when at last
This earth and all its weary cares are past,
I'll pray no more that thou abide with me,
For then, at last, I shall abide with Thee!

—Emma G. Dietrich.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. FERRIER ..... **Editor**

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THE NEXT THING FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

The next great event in San Francisco will be the meeting of the International Sunday-School Convention. It will bring many thousands of people to the city—representatives of the best classes of people in the land. They who will assemble here next week have the moral and spiritual interests of the nation at heart, and the aim will be to make the conventions one of great uplift to the whole Pacific Coast. The convention theme will be "The Uplifted Bible and the Uplifted Cross."

It is the uplifted Bible that has given this nation a glorious place among the nations of the world. In it are found the principles and teachings which make for the life of a people both individually and collectively.

As stated in The Pacific several times during the last month or two, a fine program has been prepared. Many men of national reputation will participate. The coliseum in which the meetings are to be held will accommodate thousands of persons, and all Christian people here-abouts should plan to attend some of the meetings. The International Sunday School Convention is something which the business interests wanted to come to San Francisco. Detailed programs, therefore, will be given space in the daily papers in a few days, and all can choose their time of attendance.

The committee in charge of affairs state that many thousands of people will come to the city on that occasion from California and other Coast states, and that attendance from East of the Rockies will be larger than at any convention ever before held here.

A DIFFERENCE OF VIEW.

Messiah's Advocate, a paper published in Oakland by Second Timothy 3:13, is that evil seducers shall wax worse and worse, and the thought is that "sin today is contemptuously defiant and reckless to an overwhelming degree." The article continues:

"The masses and populace have been seized with an infatuation to commit crime; and as time goes on, and the wrong doings of the wicked gather momentum in their awful speed, we see in these things the harbingers of coming day!

"Once before the old world got crime-ripened, and God sent a deluge of water. As that age taunted God, so these days of chime are challenging a day of retribution!

"Go down the street or enter business houses. What meet you? The scoffer's taunt; the infidel's sneer; the ribald jest of unbelievers; the scorner's lip; the wink of the eye of crime; the giddy whirl of fleshly ecstacy; and amid this all you hear the cry of 'peace and safety!' These scoffs awaken no rebuke; these sneers excite no reproof. Great God! Where are we?

"The day of gloom will come! It will be a 'fiery indignation' a 'revelation of the righteous judgment of God,' an uncovering of the 'throne of grace' and a displaying of the flame of justice; a dissolving of the heavens and a the Adventists, takes some of the recent statements as to vice and crime in San Francisco and remarks: "San Francisco is not alone. The other large cities are honeycombed with crimes of all sorts. What meaneth it?" And the paper answers its question thus: "The sure word of prophecy says it means the second coming of Christ." Elsewhere in Messiah's Advocate we find the assertion that the day is very near. We are told that the divine forecast, melting with fervent heat its elements."

The Pacific reads history differently than the Messiah's Advocate reads it. Our thought is not that sin today is contemptuously defiant to an overwhelming degree, that evil seducers have been waxing worse with the passing centuries, but that there has been improvement. In other words, that the world has been growing better, wickedness becoming less revolting, and human life in general taking on more the divine—throwing off more and more that which is brutish. This upward movement, we believe, will continue until there will come a day when God's will will be done on earth as it is in heaven. It was for the coming of such a day that Christ told his disciples to pray. We believe that there is both scriptural and scientific ground on which to stand and look forward to the coming of such a day. But our contemporary talks of the influences of God's word being withdrawn from the earth and of the Comforter leaving the world, of all divine restraints being withdrawn; and, with "the margin between men and devils annihilated," of a day when all the good having been taken away there will be a "reign of anarchy furious and indiscriminate, with evil forces and devil-propensities foaming and surging in one vast ocean of pandemonium."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Rev. Dr. Aked of the First Congregational church of San Francisco has been made a member of the board of trustees of Mills College. Dr. Aked thinks that Mills is located in a charming spot, the scenery there reminding him of some of the highly favored and beautiful spots of his native land.

A pastor of a church at Glasgow, Scotland, who had a vacation in London not long ago, spent his Sundays listening to Dr. G. Campbell Morgan. Each time he went twenty-five minutes before the hour for the service and found long lines of people waiting for seats—among them many Americans.

The address by Theodore Roosevelt on "The Bible and the Life of the People" which was given in the Greek Theater in Berkeley on Sunday, March the 26th, has had wide circulation. A report was made for The Pacific by a stenographer in the employ of the American Bible Society,

and it appeared in our columns on the 29th of March. The following week it was used, without resetting, in The California Christian Advocate, The Pacific Christian and The Pacific Methodist Advocate—these papers being printed in the same office in which The Pacific is printed. Two weeks later the New York Observer printed it, using the report made for The Pacific and crediting it thereto. Later the address was published in The Outlook.

The Free churches of England have declared unanimously in favor of the Peace Proposals, and their expression of opinion will be conveyed to the United States soon by the Rev. F. B. Meyer. An illuminated reading as follows will be presented to President Taft: "On behalf of the National Council, representing the whole of the Evangelical Free churches of England and Wales, we beg to express our profound thankfulness, not only for the most Christian proposals which you have made in favor of arbitration between our two countries, but for the cordial unanimity with which those proposals have been welcomed. Not only have you taken a step in advance, more momentous than any statesman has previously ventured to suggest, but you have had the happiness of witnessing its approval, both by the masses of the people and their leaders, more far-spread and enthusiastic than anything that has been witnessed in this generation.

EIGHTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Held in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco.

This year, for the first time in its history, although it was organized in 1826, the Congregational Home Missionary Society held an annual meeting on the Pacific coast. During the eighfty-four years of its existence this society has founded and aided several thousand churches and has expended in helping to maintain them in their formative years not less than twenty-five million dollars. Through the parent body and its auxiliaries the good work goes on. Nearly six hundred thousand dollars were expended in this way last year. More than four-fifths of the Congregational churches of the United States have been planted by this society or its auxiliaries. It has long been of incalculable benefit to the Pacific coast as well as to other parts of the country, and its coming to hold here its annual meeting for 1911 has been looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation.

Of course no such attendance of Eastern delegates as would be had in a more central place could be expected, but that part of the country was well represented, as well as the more remote sections of the coast, and the local attendance was such from each session to session as to lead the society officials and other leaders to say that the meeting was one of the most satisfactory of recent years.

The addresses and discussions were on a high plane throughout, and undoubtedly an inspiration will go out from the meeting that will be productive of far-reaching good.

At the opening session on Wednesday evening the Rev. Dr. Aked, the pastor of the First church, gave a "Welcome" which in its richness and fervor made it evident at once to our guests that they had come to one of the world's great vantage places.

In responding to this welcome the Rev. Dr. Woodrow, pastor of the First Congregational church of Washington, D. C., and president of the society, congratulated San Francisco on the spirit in which it had set about the work of rehabilitation after 1906 and the magnificent way in which the city had been reconstructed.

Turning then to the topic on which he had been assigned to speak as president of the society, "The Base of Home Missions," Dr. Woodrow dwelt on the task of maintaining every church at the highest point of efficiency. In every church there must be a vigorous Christian life if the work of the kingdom is to go on in accordance with the marching orders of the Master. Here are the recruiting stations, and here must be maintained those ideals of life and service which Christ had in mind when He said, "First in Jerusalem, then in Samaria, then unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

The program for the first evening closed with an address by that inimitable platform speaker, the Rev. W. G. Puddefoot, on "Changes in the Nature of the Home Missionary Problem." Mr. Puddefoot mixed the humorous with the serious in such proportion and manner as to make him a star man for the last place on a program.

In his address on "New England at Home," the Rev. Sherrod Soule, superintendent of the Connecticut Home Missionary Society, took occasion to tell us how much we all are indebted to Connecticut and other parts of New England for the things we use in our homes and the clothes which we wear, and we were reminded of the fact that the real potato king of the United States is to be found in Maine, the peach king in Connecticut and the cranberry king in Massachusetts.

Graphically then were sketched the conditions religiously in New England today, and an outline given of plans and movements to Christianize and to make homogeneous the diverse elements. Seventy per cent of the people now living in Southern New England are of foreign-born parentage, and New England as it formerly was is more readily found in the West than on those Atlantic shores.

In "New England Transplanted," the Rev. Dr. Van Horn of Plymouth church, Seattle, told of the work and achievements of men New England born, but who giving themselves to the great West and these Pacific shores had helped to dot the land from ocean to ocean with churches and colleges. Moving westward with the instinct for self-government characteristic of New England fathers they had been builders of commonwealths, layers of foundations of immeasurable good, and much we owe and shall continue to owe to old New England! The Rev. Cushing Eells was spoken of by Dr. Van Horn as a man in whose veins flowed the blood of one of Cromwell's generals, and his sacrifices in laying the foundations of Whitman College were vividly pointed out.

At the noon hour on Thursday there was witnessed in the parlors of the church in which the meetings were held something unique in the history of our country.

Four California pioneers, each more than four score years old, and two past 91, were the guests of honor at a luncheon given by the Congregational churches of San Francisco, and had words of greeting addressed to them by the Rev. Dr. Herring, the secretary of the Home Missionary Society.

All have been men of incalculable service to the cause of Christ on these shores—Samuel H. Willey, W. C. Pond, Joseph Rowell, Walter Frear! Long and ably have they labored to make this a Christian commonwealth, and all

around the world today men and women call them blessed! Aptly did Secretary Herring remark that the circumstances could not be duplicated anywhere in the land—four men, whose work dates back to the beginning of a great commonwealth, the guests of the National Society under which they had labored, almost sixty-three years after the commission had been issued to the one first in service! And the meeting of that society three thousand miles distant from its place of organization and business—in the metropolis of a State ranking in every way with the foremost of the galaxy of States in the American Union! For this alone it had been well worth while for the Congregational Home Missionary Society to hold its annual meeting in 1911 in San Francisco.

When, in the year 1848, that society, then known as the American Home Missionary Society, issued Commissions to S. H. Willey and J. W. Douglas for work in California, it was said in a letter of instructions: "We wish you to take a broad and comprehensive survey of the work to be done there. Never were men more emphatically called to lay foundations; and foundations that are not to have ages to consolidate them before they are built on, but which are to have a massive and we trust a beautiful and enduring superstructure erected upon them at once."

At the time when Dr. Willey was ordained to the gospel ministry back there in New England, gold had not been discovered in California, or at least its discovery was not known there at that time; but with the vision of a seer the minister who preached the sermon at his ordination said that "California planted with seed from the Anglo-Saxon granary would yield a harvest of individual and moral influence to be felt around the world;" and that here would be struck "the key-note of some of the sweetest songs of the millennium."

Well might Dr. Willey say last Thursday as he stood there in his ninety-first year, sixty-three years after the beginning of Protestant Christianity on these shores, that he was overcome by the import and dignity of the meeting! Caught up there that day were things innumerable that have gone into history—vital parts in the kingdom of righteousness God is building upon the earth!

We shall make no attempt to tell what these veterans said as one after another they stood before us and in the brief time alloted them spoke of those early years. The experience had by those who were there, the spirit, the inspiration of the occasion—these are things which cannot be transmitted by word to others, and we pass accordingly to the session of that afternoon which presented to us some of the Congregational history of the Pacific coast.

In "Memories of Fifty Years in California" Dr. Pond said that the design for some time as to him was that he was to be a foreign missionary and when he turned toward California the remark of a Father in Israel was: "Well, if men will go to hell, I don't know how far Christian men should follow them." This was with reference to California which had a reputation as an exceedingly wicked place about that time, 1853. Dr. Pond said in the course of his remarks that his first work in California was in San Francisco; that he came soon to the conclusion that he could do such work almost anywhere in the East, and it was with joy that he took up later the work in the mountains—where, as the Rev. Webster Frear had remarked at the luncheon, California really was in those days; not in Montery, not in San Francisco, but in the mountains.

"In Congregationalism in the Pacific Northwest" by Prof. Lyman of Whitman College there was a vivid portrayal of the race for possession of that vast region by Great Britain and the United States along with a setting forth of the valuable services of such men as Whitman, Spaulding, Walker, Eells, Griffin, Clark and Atkinson.

A paper by the Rev. A. W. Palmer of Oakland on "Present Day Congregationalism in California" contained considerable of value which several wished to have given wider circulation and it will appear in the Pacific next week.

In his address on "Present Day Congregationalism in the Pacific Northwest," the Rev. Dr. Dyott of the First church of Portland, dwelt on the need for such a message as Congregationalism has to give and set forth graphically the opportunity here on the coast for the promulgation and growth of the great basic principle—the sovereignty of individual character.

Thursday evening the home missionary was "at the front." It was refreshing to hear the Rev. H. C. Stover of Indian River, Idaho, in an address on "Caring for a Scattered Flock," recount some of the difficult and untoward experiences of his field, and yet declare again and again that there were no hardships—that no matter how trying the experiences, so great was the opportunity for service that it was delightful to lead such a life.

"The Gospel Over Against the Gambling House and the Saloon," by the Rev. R. F. Carter, pastor of the home mission church at Wallace, Idaho, pictured conditions in a town and region dominated by great mining companies, having no regard seemingly for the interests of the public. In Wallace there are no libraries, no social centers, though the profits from the great industries climb up into the millions. No prominent business man attends church, and sources of church support dry up whenever a pastor or his people begin to protest against wickedness or contest anything. The Congregational church in Wallace not long ago was closed for nine months because his predecessor attempted to clean up the town.

In Wallace the main part of the work for winning and saving men must be personal, and little by little is any headway made.

Speaking on "The Dignity of Home Missions," Dr. Boynton, the moderator of the National Council, said that a new sense of the dignity of home missions came to him when a day or two before he had looked on a great cross erected in memory of Junipero Serra, and had read thereon record of his services for humanity on these shores in early years. And that day he had had another vision when he sat in the presence of the four Congregational pioneers and saw how vitally their lives had gone into the things that are worth while, here in California. And then, with emphasis on the fact that they who work to touch and shape human lives are working with the materials of eternity, the beauty and worth and dignity of effort along the home missionary line were eloquently and impressively set forth.

"Business is the most potential word of our time," said Secretary Atkinson of the Congregational Brotherhood, in an address Friday morning on "The Social Vision and Task of Home Missions." The king in the world of today is the successful business man. The world needs the business man. But the world needs the church and the gospel also. And whenever we are told to stand back and not "interfere with business" by advocating the application of the gospel it is time to vigorously assert ourselves. Jesus is the only hope of the world for this time or any other, said Mr. Atkinson, and yet not long ago a business man had said to him: "If you could have three months' experience in trying to carry on business on the Golden Rule principle you would have enough of it."

The call to the church of today Secretary Atkinson showed is to put itself more into the life of the community. Its great mission is to improve conditions and thus in the most vital way to save men. The increasing appreciation of the value of man was noted and held up as one of the promising signs of the times.

A profitable symposium on "The Problems of State Self-Support" occupied an hour on Friday. This was led by Dr. E. L. Smith of Seattle, who laid emphasis on the importance of enlisting the laymen in various ways. Going over the arguments for and against self-support Dr. Smith found that the arguments for it far outweighed all the objections, and as a means of grace and growth it should be urged widely. Among the things suggested were: A liberal representation of laymen on the Executive Committee; regular monthly meetings; urgency toward the apportionment plan; weekly pledge system; social gatherings of leading laymen of the State and the placing before them of definite information as to the needs and demands of the field; a new conception of giving; show men who are accumulating wealth that they ought to increase their gifts from time to time, and always to give without reference to what others may be giving; to do otherwise is to wrong self and God.

In the course of his address Dr. Smith made mention of that class of men of wealth who always keep in debt and then excuse themselves for not giving as largely as they are able because of these debts to be met.

A discussion of the Apportionment Plan after an address thereon by Secretary Armstrong of the Missouri Home Missionary Society, indicated general satisfaction with the plan. Dr. Day of First church, Los Angeles, stated that an advance in efficiency had been realized in his church thereby. J. B. Orr of Santa Cruz told how the benevolent contributions had been greatly increased in his church through it. Mr. Miles of Berkeley told how satisfactory it had been in its workings the first year in First church of Berkeley.

Secretary Herring dropped a word of caution here in substance that the impression ought not to be allowed to go out that men must turn down special appeals, but that they are at liberty of course to do so.

In a symposium on "The Conquest of the City," the Rev. H. F. Swartz, associate secretary of the society, spoke on "Standardized Methods in City Work," urging the development of true science in establishing churches. Among the things to be carefully considered are: Transportation facilities, stability of population, nationality, conditions of life, religious predispositions. As to these there must be scientific accuracy. Reference was made to a church in Buffalo doing work with a two million dollar plant and having thirty-one persons present at its service. No scientific accuracy in establishing that work!

Secretary Armstrong of the Chicago City Missionary Society sketched the growth of Congregationalism in that city from the organization of the first church in 1851 to the 86 of the present time, and found the secret of success in the methods which led to careful study of situations and to a fostering of each new enterprise by the united fellowship.

Superintendent Gale of the Seattle City Missionary Society in recounting the methods which enabled that city to show a Congregational growth of 184 per cent the last decade gave prominence to the leadership which was had in pastors long in the city. Several had been there long enough to develop a civic consciousness. Great good it was said had grown out of visits to churches by groups of laymen and ministers; object lessons were afforded in this manner, the value of the church to the community emphasized as in no other way.

The idea of one church for the neighborhood, working on the principle that a city should be evangelized, not denominationalized, had been found of vital importance. Mr. Gale stated that in Seattle there had been a liberal use of the daily papers, and an effort in various ways to impress the truth that religion is of first importance and should have right of way in the effort to mold the life of the city.

Glimpses of Mormondom were given by the Rev. S. H. Goodwin, superintendent of Home Missions in Utah, and by the Rev. P. A. Simpkin, pastor of the First Congregational church of Salt Lake City. The difficulties of the work in Mormondom may be realized somewhat from the fact that the Mormons believe that their leaders speak with the authority of God, and that they have a better bible than ours. All the while working among them the missionary must strive to win their hearts, somewhat ostracized. The work of necessity is slow. Nevertheless the word was: "Everywhere the young are being awakened by education, and a new day is coming in Utah.

The closing evening the Rev. Dr. W. H. Day of Los Angeles gave an impressive address on "The Foundation for Social Solidarity." Considering briefly at first some of the inter-racial problems it was shown that Christianity had here been found to be the great unifier. Turning to inter-class problems Dr. Day asked is the social movement to go on turning its back to the face of the Crucified? In showing that only in Christ can the gulf between classes be bridged, Dr. Day made mention of Silvester Horne's remark to the people of Paris: Fraternity, equality, freedom—they were not born in your Revolution, but in a carpenter shop at Nazareth.

The final address was given by Dr. Sheldon of Topeka, Kansas, on "New Uses for the Old Gospel."

Notes.

The attendance was good throughout each day. Wednesday evening and Friday evening the auditorium was well-filled.

The "fraternal messages" by the coast secretaries of the other benevolent societies showed the solidarity of the Congregational work and the spirit of unity therein.

"Every man who is doing anything in this world really worth while is doing it by meeting and mastering problems," remarked Dr. Boynton at one of the devotional hours.

The Woman's Missionary Federation had a meeting for an hour one afternoon. Mrs George Robertson of Mentone, California, presided, and addresses were made by Miss Miriam L. Woodberry, Mrs. J. H. Heald and Miss Susan Hinman.

Among the interesting addresses the last afternoon was one by the Rev. A. Vartanian of Fresno, entitled "The Armenian in America." The story of the important work among the Germans was told by the Rev. M. E. Eversz, the superintendent of the German department of the Society. "The Scandinavian Fellowship" was the subject of an address by Superintendent Graner of the Dano-Norwegian department.

This report of the annual meeting of the Home Missionary Society is incomplete for the reason that the editor of The Pacific had to rush off to Portland to attend the Pacific Coast Congress, the time for which was fixed by

the Portland brethren at a very inopportune date for Californians, only a few other than the secretaries of the benevolent societies finding it possible to go. A Pacific Coast Congress sandwiched in between a National Home Missionary Society meeting and meetings of the International Sunday School Association and the National Education Convention cannot command any coast-wide attention. And a Pacific Coast Congress ought to be a Pacific Coast affair.

ONE DAY IN MAY.

By W. N. Burr.

The summer heralds were sleepy that morning, or perhaps they had gone on court duty to other parts. For three days they had been with us, persistently hinting at what we might expect a little later when summer, now close at hand, should arrive. But on the morning of the fourth day we were greeted with an outdoor coolness that caused one to the summer forerunners,

"—they have folded their tents, like the Arabs,
And silently stolen away."

"That's the way with our warm days," remarked an old timer; "if we have one we usually have three, and then there's a change, though once in a while the three double up on us."

The change had come, as predicted. The morning was fog-gray above, and down on the earth where men and beasts and birds and flowers live, the glare of sunshine days had given place to a subdued light, and the atmosphere was touched with the faintest suggestion of cold. A tender gray morning in May, after three days of drying heat! Just the time for yard work—for the cleaning away of dry grass and weeds, and for irrigating the roses.

It is quite worth one's time to individualize the days as they come along—to study the moods and manners, the surface signs and the subtleties of each. The most commonplace day brings offerings of which we never know unless we have learned to be alert and responsive to life's finer messages; and even then the most sensitive of human minds and hearts are not sensitive enough to gather the full harvest of the ordinary day. It was this sense of the usually unseen along common ways throbbing in the soul of Emerson that impelled him to write:

"Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will—
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning's wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

And Henry Van Dyke stood in reverent thrall upon the same holy ground when he wrote the psalm beginning:

"Thou hast taken me into the tent of the world, O God:
Beneath thy blue canopy I have found shelter—
Therefore thou will not deny me the right of a guest.
"Naked and poor I arrived at the door before sunset—
Thou has refreshed me with bountiful bowls of milk—
As a great chief thou hast set forth food in abundance."

One sometimes wishes Mr. Emerson had found a pleasanter word than "hypocritic" to apply to the days, for they are in no sense pretenders. It is no fault of theirs if we are too coarse to sense the finest gifts they lavishly offer to us. We need not stand and watch a vanishing day with nothing in our hands but "a few herbs and apples," if only we will "will" to take an abundance of treasure. We have but to open our eyes to see, and our ears to hear. It is the man who goes through life reaping:

"The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart."

who really enters into life. The rest of us just skim over the surface of it.

The man with the hoe at work in the yard looked up from some such musings as these and saw a break in the gray canopy above Strawberry Peak; and soon the whole gray roof was breaking up like river ice under the warm touch of Spring. By the time the nine o'clock schoolbell rang only a few clouds were in sight, and the ice figure that had leaped into the mind of the man was changed to ships moving off and out of sight on their way to distant seas.

There were songs floating out on the air. The metallic scrape of the hoe contributed a "Labor Song." The mockingbirds that just now seem to be giving most of their time to concert work were doing their best to fill the world with more artistic melodies. There were gentle twitterings in the trees; and occasionally a shy towhee would hop from under cover, and with a timid or frightened cheep snatch some coveted morsel of bird-food and make for shelter again.

Towards noon a film of cloud had again overspread the sky, and a cooler wind came blowing in. Perhaps the spirits that brood in the Northland, hovering about, had been surprised by returning summer heralds, and were bent on driving them back towards their native southern regions. Be that as it may, the cloud-hosts slowly gathered. From behind Mt. Lowe across the opening between-peaks in which Strawberry Peak lifts its head from "Back of Beyond" soon lay a long strong bar of stratus cloud; and a body of light cumuli with stratus tendencies was being mustered nearer the zenith. By two o'clock all sorts of light fleecy clouds had gathered in the great sky-field.

"What was it Ruskin had to say about clouds and life?" the man asked of himself. Later he found it in "The Mystery of Life" lecture in "Sesame and Lilies": "Whereas in earlier life what little influence I obtained was due perhaps chiefly to the enthusiasm with which I was able to dwell on the beauty of physical clouds, and of their colors in the sky; so all the influence I now desire to retain must be due to the earnestness with which I am endeavoring to trace the form and beauty of another kind of cloud than those,—the bright cloud of which it is written,—'What is your life?' It is even as a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.'"

One could not look at the clouds without seeing the swallows. They were sailing high that afternoon—aviators born, with no need to manufacture machinery with which to fly. "But," said the man to himself, "all birds are not born for the upper air. No towhee would ever take it into his head to go racing up there with those swallows. Let the bird-men follow their swallow instincts if that is what it is that sends them a-flying upward into the sky; but as all birds are not high flyers, so all men are not birdmen of the swallow type—some of us prefer the the towhee haunts."

A phainopepla, wide-awake as a schoolboy on the ball-ground, alighted on a telephone wire for an instant just to catch breath, and then was off to plunge plump into a pepper-tree not far away. His place on the wire was taken almost instantly by a blackbird that came flying in rather heavily with the regulation blackbird "tchaak."

"Why should not a man love a bird," quoth the man struggling with a half-remembered paragraph in some book of bird-lore. It was brought to light in the library that evening—"Why should not a man love a bird? If the palm of one should clasp the pinion of the other there would come together two of the greatest implements God and Nature have ever given any creatures to explore the world with; and when the two bipeds gaze at each other eye to eye, the intelligence in the one might well take off its hat to the subtle instincts of the other."

As night came on the sky was again hidden behind a seemingly unbroken stretch of gray cloud-matter. But there must have been a bit of an opening somewhere, for two or three cloud-shapes, rounded out a little from the mass, caught and held for sometime a faint pink flush.

The day began and ended in gray, but between the morning and the evening came hours of brightness and intervals of softer light; and the gray and the bright worked together for the comfort, yea, the very life of man.

La Canada, May 23, 1911.

A DAUGHTER OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AT PACIFIC GROVE.

It may be of general interest to the readers of The Pacific to know that there is living at Pacific Grove, California, a daughter of the American Revolution (her father having participated in the battle of Bunker Hill), in the person of Mrs. Rosamond Roberts Emery, the youngest of a family of twelve children, the rest of whom have long since passed away. Mrs. Emery was born at Edington, Maine, January 17, 1814, when her father was sixty years of age. She was married at seventeen and left a widow at twenty-two.

Living for several years in Boston she prepared herself to practise medicine. Coming to California in 1861, she found the prejudice against women medical practitioners so strong that she finally decided to follow nursing as a profession, which she did for many years at Stockton, to which place she shortly removed. Her membership is still with the Congregational church of that city. Subsequently she lived for some fifteen years at Bakersfield, and the last twenty years have been spent in retirement at Pacific Grove.

Mrs. Emery revisited the East eight years after coming to California, and while in Boston had the privilege of hearing Charles Dickens. Having read widely she still takes a keen interest in public affairs, and for more than three-quarters of a century has been a firm advocate of woman suffrage.

Speaking of her church affiliation she recently remarked to the writer: "I joined the Second Congregational church of Bangor and was baptized at the same time as my little boy." The little boy referred to (her only child, Charles) died shortly before the earthquake of 1906, aged over seventy-two years. A grandson is still living in Portland, Oregon.

Among the families that Mrs. Emery well knew in her younger days was that of the late Prof. Enoch Pond, president of Bangor Theological Seminary. His son, Dr. W. H. Pond, for so many years at the head of our Chinese Mission on the Pacific coast, she still affectionately refers to as "Little Willie Pond."

For over a year past failing eyesight has curtailed her pleasures, and she can only move about in her chair. Otherwise she is remarkably well preserved and still manages her own business. Her friends gave her a surprise party on her last (ninety-seventh) birthday, which she reminds one, is on the same day and month at that of Benjamin Franklin.

S. W. N.

OFFICERS OF THE CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The following named persons were elected at the annual meeting last week in San Francisco:

S. H. Woodrow, D. D., President.

Hon. H. M. Beardsley, Vice-President.

Rev. A. W. Palmer, California, Recording Secretary.

John H. Allen, New York, Auditor.

Directors.

S. H. Woodrow, D. D., Chairman, Washington, D. C.; Raymond Calkins, D. D., Maine; Lucius H. Thayer, D. D., New Hampshire; Mr. W. J. Van Patten, Vermont; Mr. Arthur F. Whitin, Massachusetts; Asbury E. Krom, D. D., Rhode Island; Watson L. Phillips, D. D., Connecticut; Rev. E. F. Sanderson, New York; Mr. W. W. Mills, Ohio; Mr. F. E. Bogart, Michigan; Hon. T. C. MacMillan, Illinois; Mr. Wm. R. Nethercut, Wisconsin; H. P. Dewey, D. D., Minnesota; Rev. W. H. Rollins, Iowa; Mr. Wm. B. Homer, Missouri; Mr. George A. Guild, Kansas; Rev. Charles R. Brown, Northern California; Mr. F. N. Wilcox, Southern California; E. L. Smith, D. D., Washington; Mr. Arthur S. Johnson, Massachusetts; W. R. Campbell, D. D., Massachusetts; Mr. James G. Cannon, New York; Rev. Charles E. Burton, Ohio; Hon. James H. Buchanan, North Dakota; Mr. Wm. E. Sweet, Colorado; Rev. F. F. Rouse, Nebraska.

Nominating Committee.

Four men for two years: Pres. E. Lyman Hood, Atlanta, Ga.; Mr. Frank Kimball, Oak Park, Ill.; Rev. John C. Goddard, Salisbury, Conn.; Rev. Charles H. Small. Jamestown, N. Y.

Two men for one year to fill vacancies: Rev. C. L. Kloss, Webster Groves, Mo.; Mr. Wm. H. Lewis, Portland, Ore.

A PARABLE.

A band of husky men, with their shoulders against a too heavily laden vehicle, were pushing with might and main, while others with strong arms were lifting at the wheels.

Presently another man came hurrying toward them with a stone in his hand. "Get behind and push." "Get under and boost" were the words that greeted him. But he gave no heed to their cries. They shout again, now in angry tones, "Why don't you get behind and push." "Get hold here man and give us a lift." But he heeds them not, and is now down beside one of the heavy wheels kicking with his heavy boot and knocking with the stone in his hand, endeavoring to remove a cobble stone which is embedded in the hard earth in front of the wheel.

The other men grow all the time more angry as they call, some with abusive language, demanding that this

man quit his "kicking" and "knocking" and get under and "boost" or get behind and "push."

Suddenly the heavy load moves forward with surprising ease. The much abused stranger with his "kicking" and "knocking" at the obstacle in the way of progress has at last removed it, and now gets behind and pushes with the others.

Some continue to jeer at him for not getting in and helping before, but most of the men have the good sense and manhood now to acknowledge that his "kicking" and "knocking" did more to move the heavy load than all their "pushing" and "boosting." They apologized for their injustice and thanked him for his valuable service.

Moral—"Kickers" and "knockers" are sometimes greater friends to progress than "pushers" and "boosters."

WOMAN'S BOARD MEETING.

The Northern California Branch of the W. B. M. P. held their second annual meeting with the Santa Rosa church, Thursday, June 1st. One Berkleyan confessed at the end of the day that she had murmured in the early morning, as she rose to take the 7:45 boat from San Francisco, "Is it worth while?" but was ready now to say, "Indeed, it has been worth while. How well worth while was this gathering, fifty miles north of the center in which nearly all such meetings are held, I wish the limits of this report would allow me to show. Between twenty-five and thirty ladies went up from the Bay region and farther south. From Petaluma and other neighboring towns a good number gathered and the entertaining church gave a large attendance. By good fortune the Women's Missionary Union of Santa Rosa, representing six denominations, made their semi-annual meeting coincide with this date and added their forces to ours for the afternoon session.

The morning routine was full of interest; the secretary's report helped us to see the work of the Branch as a unit. The Home secretary took us visiting up and down the state where auxiliaries, large and small, struggling to give their mite or pouring out from their abundance their half-a-thousand donations are each doing with their might what their hands find to do. The Branch has set up a standard toward which it urges the auxiliaries to direct their efforts. This involves increase in membership, in gifts, attendance, subscriptions to missionary literature, etc. A list will appear later of those deserving honorable mention for successful effort in these lines.

Encouraging reports were presented by the secretaries of the various departments of our work, especially from the cradle roll which Mrs. Piper's loving care is ever extending.

It was with eager interest that Mrs. Hinman's report of her work for the past five months as field secretary was listened to. After expressing gratitude to the Home Missionary superintendent and others who have helped to make the new work easier, Mrs. Hinman said: "The main purpose of the secretary's work have been two; First, to convince all the Congregational women of the state of the need and purpose of women's organizations for missionary work; and second, to bring to their knowledge needs and accomplishments of women abroad. To those who assert that the American Board can look after all the mission work of our denomination without any women's organization, we must unhesitatingly reply that we can. Any body of men that can build up and sustain Robert College can certainly in some wise administer a girl's boarding school or a kindergarten. So," she said, "can the average man wash the breakfast dishes. Does he, if he is left to himself?

"The wise pastor, the Conference Committee and the Prudential Committee are turning over to hands skilled in detail work and made gentle by much mothering of children those lines of work that most will profit from the care of such hands—hands which recognize no more right to be idle in the family of Christ than in their own households." Mrs. Hinman found when beginning her work 41 churches in Northern California having 20 or more women members with no organized women's work for missions. Naturally her work has been directed among these churches. With great joy we received the report that the Sacramento, the Oroville and the Black Diamond churches have each undertaken this line of work and several others were reported as contemplating a like step in the near future.

Reference was also made to the meetings of associations which Mrs. Hinman has, so far as possible, visited in these recent months where, she said, invaluable opportunities were offered for becoming acquainted with the representatives of the churches. Such meetings proved "an excellent clearing-house of ideas and methods of work when, between sessions, heads come together over new literature, new plans for work are suggested, children's educational work in missions discussed, mission study and its possibilities approved, and, best of all, the workers strengthened because they find so many who, all unknown before, have been striving for the same great ends. A few days ago someone at San Mateo said, 'You know there are women who, though they may never hear a missionary from one year's end to another, would be just as much interested in missions all the time? And when the secretary finds off in some little village one of these women in whose heart burns this undying flame of love for the unloved of the earth, she and the committee get more inspiration than they give. They feel that this report ought to express some of the hope and cheer that has come to them through new acquaintance with the women who hold up their hands.'"

The Treasurer's report was received with great enthusiasm as our pledged increase over last year of $1,000, totaling $4,500 for regular work, has, despite hard times, been fulfilled. Mrs. Krick reported $4,509.64 turned over to the treasurer of the W. B. M. P. for regular work and $155 for special work, $71.78 expense for the work of our field secretary, and $34.45 for printing, postage, etc., making a total of $4770.87 disbursements for the year.

The present officers were reelected with few exceptions. It was a pleasure to meet Mrs. J. E. Bell of Saratoga, who takes the vice-presidency and all were rejoiced to learn that Mrs. Koford had consented to take the secretaryship of Young People's work thus far unfilled since the organization of the Branch. We look for far-reaching results from the work of one so successful in this important field. Mrs. Koford's place as Secretary of Literature was at once filled: Mrs. R. B. Young, 549 Jean St., Oakland accepting the position.

By the beauty of their flower-decked tables and the graciousness of their service the Santa Rosa ladies gave us refreshment of spirit as well as of body at the luncheon hour. And just here should be mentioned too, their added

thoughtfulness in calling us to the tables again at the close of the day for a cup of tea. Certainly if not an auxiliary in name the ladies of the Santa Rosa Kingdom Extension Society proved themselves in heart auxiliary to the Branch.

Following a brief prayer by the president, Mrs. Hinman gave her report as foreign secretary for the Branch. Quoting largely from intimate personal letters, such as perhaps only a missionary from a missionary may receive, she left us with a tender sense of nearness to these loved missionaries of our Board. Miss Jillson had written of the many contrasts between her Brousa field and her former work in Smyrna. We certainly felt it our duty to bestir ourselves that it should early be possible for our Board of the Pacific to make the contrast in buildings and equipment less sharply unfavorable to Brousa. We seemed to see Miss Nina Rice on furlough in our own state. With regret we learned of the ill health of Mr. Perkins' son compelling that splendid missionary to remain for the present away from his beloved India, taking a pastorate in Maine. Miss Olive we learned is very ill in Micronesia, attended alone by Miss Wells and the natives, as Miss Hoppin is beyond reach on a tour of the Marshall Islands. Flash pictures from China showed us the plague trial in the north, political unrest in Foochow and the region about, the abiding love of the former kindergarten tot for her dear Miss Jean Brown whose voice she can still hear in fancy singing as of yore, the bridal preparations of another former kindergartener, the ardorous work of Miss Chapin at Paotingfu in Miss Jones' place. Wise Dr. Tallman's attempts to rouse her city's officials to keep out the plague, the distribution of 7,000 placards containing simple directions to help the common people to prevent its spread. Little Miss Allchin, of Japan married to a Methodist missionary and going to Sendai—Miss DeForest to go the first of July to take her place in Kyoto. Pres. Harada of the Doshisha, ready to make a start on the new girls' school building if we will send on what we have already raised. So much she gave us in a few minutes; and if the impression left was a somewhat sad one it was no doubt sad because truly impressing us with some of the burdens we are letting our "substitutes" on the field bear.

Miss Wilson's description of her experience in the great cyclone five years ago was so vivid and so well worth hearing that it has been asked for publication and will probably appear in an early issue of The Pacific. It is from the effect of injuries received at this time and long neglected because she felt it impossible sooner to leave her distressed people that Miss Wilson is now slowly recovering.

Mrs. Pinney, the president of the Occdental (Presbyterian) Board of San Francisco, who attended the Edinburg Missionary Conference and upon one of the missionary cruises that followed visited some of our missions in Turkey, told in stirring manner, as a visitor might, something of the bigness and the grandeur of the work of our "great American Board"—in what esteem Dr. Chambers is held, as witness the reception the governor of his province tendered Mrs. Pinney s party as the American friends of Dr. Chambers; how our girls' school in the heart of Constantinople is the greatest power for the advance of woman in all Turkey; that the graduates of Robert College are everywhere in Turkey and everyone a center of progress and uplift for the country. The ex-Sultan," she said, "is reported to have said years ago, 'They are promulgating a religion from Roberts College which may yet cost me my throne;' and it did." Turkey has learned by the unselfish labor of such men as Chambers and others in the distribution of relief during the recent massacre ex-experiences that Christianity stands for "help without hope of reward" as does no other faith or people.

Then our already rich day was made most memorably rich by an address from our great statesman-missionary, Dr. Arthur Smith of China.

One of the girls to whom the missionary names have not many years been familiar said, "Why, I thought Dr. Arthur Smith was a young man" and certainly had her eyes been blinded to the whitening hair she would not have been undeceived unless by the wealth of his wisdom for every tone of his voice was that of a young man. Here are a few of the manifold shots from his rapid fire gun. Christ's command to his church was to seek and to save. Is the church of America seeking and saving the lost? If we go on in the present manner when will the church of America save America (say nothing of the whole world)? NEVER. She must change her method. Only about ten per cent of the women of the church take any interest in the missionary work. When going to a Kansas City to speak at a great missionary rally saw a church placarded, "Great Missionary Rally"—proved to be a Baptist church—each holding a great rally with no knowledge of the other. How would a map of the world look with no Burmah on it—just a black space. It is quite as bad for your brain to have a blank space where the knowledge of the great Baptist work in Burmah should be. Imagine an Indian Calvinistic Methodist and a Chinese Baptist North. "Denominational distinctions have no interest for us in China," said a Christian Chinese statesman at Edinburg and this is true in all mission lands. The Overland Monthly printed recently a number on China. In one article it is said "China was asleep. At last she became awake." "Became awake!" Who "became" her? Did it just happen? It was the long years of missionary endeavor. China has moved faster in the last ten years than any other country in the world. In this opinion Sir Robert Hart bears out Dr. Smith, saying: "When I came to China, she was a great tomb in which one must move and breathe the damp air of death. Now the roof is blown off that tomb and the light is pouring in." Non-Christian Chinese women of today banded together to work against the cigarette have put aside their own names which marked them some of rank and some without rank and they work together calling each other "sister"—a thing till now unheard of in China.

Dr. Smith's inspiring address was followed by a season of devotion led by Mrs. F. B. Perkins, and including prayer for each of our missionaries by name.

As we look back over the meeting we thank God for the forethought, graciousness and cheer of our president, for the faithfulness of the officers, the hospitality of the entertaining church and the rare inspiration of the address.

MT. HERMON FEDERATE SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

The fifth summer session of the Federate School of Missions will be held at Mt. Hermon, in the Santa Cruz mountains, July 13-19. Mrs. D. B. Wells, so widely known by her work in the Eastern summer schools, will conduct the daily classes in the two new text-books, "The Conservation of National Ideals," and "The Light of the World," by Robert Speer. An hour each morning will be

given to each book. Mrs. Wells will also conduct the morning Bible study.

Fifteen minutes will be devoted each morning to "Methods," as follows: "Problems and Policies," by Mrs. C. A. Westenberg of Berkeley; "Young People," by Mrs. R. B. Goddard of San Francisco; "Methods in Sunday-schools," by Mrs. J. M. Brough of Biggs; "How to Plan and Work our Increased Apportionments," by Mrs. Harlam, President of the Christian National Board; "Gathering Up the Fragments," by Mrs. H. B. Pinney of San Francisco.

One of the meetings of greatest interest will be that of the dedication of the new Federated Missions Building, erected at a cost of several thousand dollars. This dedication of the new Federated Missions Building, erected at a cost of several thousand dollars. This dedication will take place Wednesday evening, July 12. The music will be given by a chorus, directed by Mr. Patterson. The historical address will be by Rev. Dr. Hugh W. Gilchrist, so well known in his labors for Mt. Hermon. Two-minute speeches on "The Women Behind the Work" will be given by Mrs. R. B. Goddard, Miss Laura Richards, Miss McLellan and Mrs. Bacon. The dedicatory prayer will be offered by Rev. Hetta F. Douglas.

Thursday evening, July 13, Mrs. L. E. Troyer, Baptist missionary at Puebla, Mexico, will speak on "Four Hundred Years of Romanism and Ten Years of Evangelism." Friday evening an address will be given on the African Inland Mission. Monday, July 17, will be Young People s evening, with an address by Rev. Mr. Shaw, the secretary of the California Christian Endeavor Society. Tuesday evening there will be an address by Mrs. Harlam on "How Native Christians Give."

Each day at 4 p. m. there will be either a missionary address or a reception. Missionaries who are expected to be present during this summer school are Rev. Robert Hume of India (Congregational); Miss Carrie Pierson, Methodist missionary among the immigrants at Angel Island, California; Mrs. L. E. Troyer, Baptist missionary at Puebla, Mexico; Rev. and Mrs. Herriott (Presbyterian) from China; Mrs. Chas. Peck of the United Presbyterians; Miss Donaldina Cameron of San Francisco Chinese work; Mr. Smith of the Freedmen's work; and Rev. Mr. Hall and wife, secretary for Presbyterian Foreign Missions.

MARY E. BAMFORD,
Chairman Mt. Hermon Press Committee.

JOHN L. MAILE ADDRESSES THE OLD SOLDIERS AT RAMONA.

The Old Soldiers of Ramona, San Diego county, regarded themselves as particularly fortunate in securing Rev. John L. Maile of Los Angeles to deliver the Memorial Day Address. Before the appointed hour the spacious building of the Congregational church was filled to overflowing with the expectant Veterans, their families and friends. The occasion was impressive, and sublimely did Comrade Maile rise to meet it.

"Fifty years ago, these passing days," began the speaker, and for nearly an hour and a half there followed the most masterly discussion of Civil War issues, and the most vivid portrayal of Civil War scenes that the people of Ramona had ever heard. Half a century had not softened the dread import of Sumter's fall, nor dimmed his vision of those mighty days.

Devoting his first half-hour to a discussion of the ethical issues at stake in the great conflict, he then veered to the reminiscent. Affirming that his own personal experience was typical of the thousands—yes, millions—of his comrades, he sketched for us a graphic picture of those four years.

We saw him first a boy in his teens obtaining tearful consent of his parents to let him enlist; then the farewells at parting, the muster day, the exodus to the front. Next we saw him doing patrol duty at the gateway to our nation's capital, the campaigns along the Potomac, and the desperate grapple at Antietam. At the second day's fight in the Wilderness he is made a prisoner and, with hundreds of his comrades, is doomed for Andersonville.

Unpleasant as the memory of that prison is to those who spent time within its ghastly stockade, Comrade Maile did not hesitate to picture the awful combat with filth, famine and disease, which beset them from the day of arrival.

The most impressive incident of all and the one which formed the climax of his narrative was the account of the breaking-out of "Providence Spring" within the walls of the prison. The prayer-meeting, the organized calls to God for water that went up from the multitude of parching throats, the swift deluge of rain that washed away all filth and carried off sections of the stockade, and, lastly, the bursting forth of a perennial spring of purest water that brought life and hope and cheer to the perishing men—all this was told with the compelling power that only an eye-witness could command.

EDWIN B. TILTON.

Ramona, Cal.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Los Angeles, Bethany.—A new building is needed and funds are being raised with which to build one.

Palms.—The Rev. F. L. Drew has resigned the pastorate at Palms and will rest for a few months before taking work elsewhere.

San Diego.—The Mission Hill work will be taken charge of soon by the Rev. John Doane, who comes from Greeley, Colorado.

Villa Park.—The Rev. John Kershaw. recently of Braddock, Pa., has accepted a call to Villa Park and has entered on the work.

Alpine.—The church at Alpine, in San Diego county, although sixteen years old, has never had a building. But money is being raised now for one.

Oakland, First.—The pulpit was occupied last Sunday by the Rev. Dr. Woodrow of Washington, D. C., president of the Congregational Home Missionary Society.

Grass Valley.—Twelve persons united with the church at the last communion service—six boys and six girls. They had been trained for membership in the pastor's Bible class.

Campbell.—Eight persons united with the church at the recent communion service from a class of young peo-

ple trained by the pastor. A club room fifteen by forty feet in size is being constructed under the church.

Oakland, Plymouth.—The corner stone of the new parish house will be laid on Sunday, June the 25th, at the time of the morning service. That evening the subject will be "The Program of a Progressive Church." This is the third in a series on "Progressive Christianity."

Nevada City.—The 38th anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. Josiah Sims was celebrated on the 4th of June. Mr. Sims gave a review of the work since 1873. An address was given by Judge George L. Jones in which it was shown how Mr. Sims had builded his life into the life of the community. A purse well filled with coin was presented the pastor by the church. Six persons united with the church that day.

Green Street, San Francisco.—Secretary Atkinson, of the Brotherhood movement and Secretary Swartz of the National Home Missionary Society, both visited us lately and heartily approve of our methods, building, etc. Both of these experts believe that we should have several more paid workers in our field. A number of Sunday school scholars could be secured if friends could send in some children's shoes—old or new. Sixteen children have been baptized this spring.

Los Angeles, First.—At the morning service of May 28 this church had the privilege of listening to Dr. Nehemiah Boynton. His subject was "Congregationalism and the New Era." He gave us an eloquent address, touching on the privileges and duties of the Congregational denomination. In the evening Dr. Atkinson addressed a deeply interested audience. The following Thursday evening a banquet was given in honor of Dr. Boynton and Dr. Atkinson, at which they were the chief speakers. At the twilight communion on June 4 thirty-nine were received into this church, including five from the Japanese Branch church. Children's Day on June 11 was, as usual, one of great joy. The First Congregational Orchestra assisted in the music. Seventeen infants were baptized. The number of those receiving diplomas was as follows: From the beginner's grade, 9; primary grade, 14; junior grade, 24; Five of the primary graduates were Armenians. The primary graduates will receive their American Revision Bibles in the fall when they enter the junior grade. Though all the grades have done good work, the juniors received praise for superior excellence in all their work. There were no graduates from the intermediate department, because the officers have found it difficult to prepare a graduate course for that department.

FRUITVALE CORNER-STONE.

On Sunday afternoon, the 11th, the corner-stone was laid of the beautiful new church that is now being erected by the Fruitvale Avenue Congregational Church, Oakland. A large congregation gathered on the newly laid floor and an interesting program was given, including brief addresses by Mr. Arthur Arlett, Mr. R. H. Chamberlain, Rev. C. L. Mears and Rev. A. W. Palmer. Mr. J. H. W. Riley, for nineteen years superintendent of the Sunday-school, read a brief history of the Sunday-school and church, and the prayer was offered by the pastor, Rev. Burton M. Palmer. The ceremonial act in laying the cap to the stone was performed by Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, who in turn gave the little silver trowel to the pastor's wife. Documents of interest had been deposited by the church clerk, Mr. Ed. McDermed, including a copy of The Pacific of last week. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D., who had been instrumental in the organization of the church.

The building was designed by Mr. Hugo Storch, a charter member of the church. It is of mission style, cement plaster walls, tile roof, and all who have seen the elevations pronounce it unusually beautiful.

IDAHO.

Kellogg.—Rev. Thomas F. May has resigned the pastorate to take effect as soon as a successor is secured. The church adopted self-support January 1, 1910. The salary is $1,000 a year and free use of the beautiful new parsonage. The Sunday-school enrollment is 170. New Sunday-school rooms have recently been added to the church. An energetic man will find this field to afford a rare opportunity for a large service. The population of Kellogg is 1,500. Mr. May first came to Kellogg five years ago, and is leaving the field because a change of climate is advisable for his wife's health.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

By Iorwerth.

A recent issue of the "Spokesman-Review," Spokane, had a page illustrated article on Dr. G. H. Atkinson. He is credited as giving this region the name, "Inland Empire," as well as being the first to preach the Gospel on its splendid soil.. He boosted the country to such an extent in the early days as to arouse the animosity of the cattlemen. Dr. Atkinson proved himself a real prophet relative to the capacity and nature of the soil.

Walla Walla.—Dr. Winchester, Mr. Fisher and Miss Slattery, conducted a religious institute at this place from June 4th to 6th. Dr. Winchester received a warm and cordial welcome as one who formerly taught in Whitman College, and as conductor of the choir of the Congregational church. As a young man he gave promise of becoming the strong, scholarly religious educator he is today, and all his old friends rejoice in the fine progress he has made, and the high and useful position he fills.

Whitman College.—Dr. Winchester, Mr. Fisher and Miss Slattery were heard at the Whitman College chapel last Monday morning. Dr. Robert Hume, missionary of the American Board in India, has been giving a series of addresses in the Congregational church, and one in the college chapel, on the situation in India. The college has become the recipient of the library of the late Henry L. Dawes, for 20 years United States Senator from Massachusetts. The collection contains 6,000 volumes, and will be of special value to the departments of political economy and science. Senator Dawes was a great admirer of Marcus Whitman and a personal friend of President Penrose. More than three-fourths of the million dollar endowment has been subscribed. The graduating exercises will take place next week, and a large class will receive their diplomas.

Spokane.—The Westminster Church Brotherhood club had its last meeting for the season on last Monday night.

More than 150 men and women sat at the table. Addresses were delivered by Commissioners C. M. Fassett and D. C. Coates, Mayor Hindley, Revs. Wilder and Knodell, and the pastor, Dr. House.

Pilgrim Church.—The Rev. Grant Wilder, of Hastings, Neb., began his services as pastor of this church last Sunday. The people are disposed to rally around him and cooperate earnestly to make the church even a greater success than it was under his predecessor, the Rev. Mayor Hindley. He has a splendid field, and we all wish him success.

Loon Lake, Wash.—The work at this place has made commendable progress under the ministry of Rev. J. M. Lavender. Work has begun on a church edifice, and the corner stone will be laid next week with appropriate services, Dr. House and Mayor Hindley of Spokane, taking part.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The fifth meeting of the Pacific Coast Congress of Congregational Churches, representing Idaho, Washington, California and Oregon, opened under most auspicious conditions at three o'clock this afternoon, in the First Congregational Church of this city. Dr. Luther R. Dyott, pastor of the church, called the meeting to order, whereupon a committee was appointed to report nominations for Moderators. This resulted in electing Rev. Elwin L. House, D.D., Spokane, Moderator; Rev. A. J. Sullens, Boise, Idaho, President; C. S. Nash, of Pacific Theological Seminary, Berkeley, Cal.; Rev. Willar B. Thorp, D.D., of San Diego, Cal., and Rev. George E. Paddock, D.D., of Portland, Oregon, Assistant Moderators; Rev. O. A. Stillman, Salem, Scribe.

A very cordial address of welcome on behalf of the city was extended by Mayor Joseph Simon, and on behalf of the Congregational churches of the city and state by Dr. Luther R. Dyott. Responses were made by Rev. H. C. Maso, Seattle, for the state of Washington, and Dr. Willard B. Thorp, San Diego, for California.

The addresses of welcome and the responses were strongly suggestive of the united desire on the part of all the speakers for unity of purpose and effort among all the churches on the Pacific Coast in promoting building up the kingdom of God.

A gavel made of eighteen pieces of different kinds of native woods in different states and China, historical in character, as well as of the Pacific coast states, selected by your correspondent and made according to his design, was presented to the Moderator. The following is a description of the woods:

1. Rhododendron, the State Flower of Washington.
2. Oregon Grape, the State Flower of Oregon.
3. Redwood, from California.
4. Manzanita, from the banks of Rich Gulch, near Jacksonville, Oregon, the site of the first permanent mining camp in Oregon, established in January, 1851.
5. Douglas Fir, from the cornice of the first Protestant church built west of the Rocky mountains in American territory. This was erected under the auspices of the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal church at Oregon City, 1843-44, and the funds were contributed by citizens irrespective of church affiliations.
6. New England Pine, from the ship Columbia, commanded by Capt. Robert Gray, a native of Tiverton, Rhode Island, the first American navigator to sail around the earth. Capt. Gray entered the Columbia river on May 11, 1792, and named the great stream "Columbia's River" on May 19th following. That act of discovery by Capt. Gray is the foundation of American title to all its present possessions west of the Rocky mountains.
7. Elm, from a tree planted by Rev. George H. Atkinson, D.D., on the lot of the First Congregational Church at Oregon City, prior to 1850.
8. Seedling Apple, from a tree which grew at Vancouver, Washington, from seed brought from London to that place in 1825.
9. English Oak, from the steamer Beaver, which left Gravesend, England, August 27, 1835, arrived at the Columbia river March 19, 1836, at Fort Vancouver, April 10, 1836, and was wrecked at Burrard's Inlet, B. C., June, 1888. She was the first steam vessel to enter the Pacific ocean.
10. Cherry, Royal Anne, brought by Henderson Luelling, from Salem, Henry county, Iowa, across the plains in 1847, with seven hundred other fruit trees of numerous varieties, and first planted five and a half miles south of Portland. This lot of trees was known as the "Traveling Nursery," and was the first grafted stock west of the Rocky mountains, and the starting point of the fruit industry of the Pacific coast.
11. Red Cedar, from Wachung mountain, near Milburn, New Jersey. On the top of the mountain, where the tree grew from which this piece of wood was taken, was stationed a small detachment of Jersey militia, whose duty was, by means of pre-arranged signals, to appraise Gen. Washington, at Morristown, and Gen. Greene, near Springfield, of the movements of the British fleet under Admiral Howe and the British army under Sir Henry Clinton.
12. Douglas Fir, properly, Douglas Spruce, commercially known as "Oregon Pine"—a name given to it by Dr. John McLoughlin, Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, at Fort Vancouver, about 1833—taken from the frame of the Mission Printing Press that was sent by the native Mission Church in Honolulu, established by the American Board, to the American Board Missionaries in Oregon in May, 1839. The frame was made from wood sawed at Dr. McLoughlin's mill, six miles east of Vancouver, which he caused to be erected in 1827-28—the first saw-mill west of the Rocky mountains in what is now United States territory. This press was first used at Lapwai, now in Idaho, by Rev. H. H. Spalding, on May 18. 1839. Primers, spelling slips, hymns, etc., translated into the Indian language, were printed upon it.
13. Oregon Yew. This wood was chiefly used by the Indians west of the Rocky mountains, prior to white settlement, for making bows, and was taken from a tree which grew near the site of Champoeg, Marion county, on the east bank of the Willamette river, about 40 miles south of Portland. On May 2, 1843, the initial movement in organizing American civil government took place here, with 102 settlers present. When the vote was taken upon the adoption of the report of a previously appointed committee, 52 voted for and 50 against adoption. Thus American civil government was projected by the narrow majority of

two. Of the 52 one was William H. Gray, who came to Oregon in 1836, with Dr. Marcus Whitman, and was commissioned as assistant missionary by the American Board. The others were independent Congregational missionaries, as follows: Rev. John Smith Griffin, 1839, who settled near Hillsboro, Washington county; Rev. Harvey Clarke, 1840, and Alvin T. Smith, 1840, both of whom settled near what is now Forest Grove, the seat of Pacific University. Mr. Clarke was one of the founders of that institution.

14. Oregon Ash, the handle of the gavel, was taken from a fence rail split by Ralph C. Geer, in the winter of 1847-48, the descendant of an old Connecticut family, in his donation land claim in Marion county, Oregon, after it had been used in a fence for sixty years.

15. Alaska Cedar, from Wrangell, Alaska.

16. Pine, from Blue mountains, Oregon, used by Dr. Marcus Whitman in erecting buildings in connection with his mission located six miles west of the present city of Walla Walla, Washington. This mission was destroyed by the Indians on November 29-30, 1847, and the buildings burned. A part of one of the logs in one of the buildings was covered up and escaped destruction by fire. From this log this piece of pine was taken.

17. Oak, from the spoke of a wagon brought across the plains from Indiana in 1843 by Abijah Hendricks.

18. Camphor Wood, from China.

From the foregoing it may be seen that the pieces of wood in the gavel relate to California, Washington, Idaho and Oregon, and also to a number of other States. Further, the gavel represents the beginning of Protestantism and American civil government on the Pacific Coast.

The Congress adjourned at 5 p. m. and did not hold an evening session in order that all in attendance who desired might witness the spectacular parade this evening, which is the closing number in this highly successful week of the Rose Festival.

Mrs. Hannah S. Lowell, mother of ex-Judge Stephen A. Lowell, of Pendleton, Oregon, died yesterday afternoon at the home of her son. Mrs. Lowell was a typical New England lady of the best type. She descended from Pilgrim stock and was one of the best loved women in Pendleton. Her age was eight-seven. She was a staunch Congregationalist.

Rev. Philip E. Bauer has resigned his pastorate over the First Congregational Church, in Salem, and for some time, at least, will devote his whole time to prison work. He has been appointed one of the chaplains at the State Penitentiary. The other chaplain represents the Roman Catholic Church.

Portland, June 10, 1911.

The Home.

MY GARDEN.

Would you like to know about my garden which takes so much of my time and care? Through the center runs a path with flowers on either side, a large bed of Patience and a beautiful bed of Hope, a fine climbing Courage and a little vine called Cheerfulness that runs in and out all over my garden.

Around the garden is a fence made of Determination, with posts of Perseverance. This is to keep out the Grumble Vine that grows all about outside and tries to get in. The path in my garden is made of Grit and leads down to a fountain which sometimes plays tears with which I water the garden.

Outside the garden a tree like a weeping willow grows and sometimes casts a shadow over my flowers and once in a while at twilight a blackbird comes and sings in the branches. It is called the Complaining Bird—it does not come often.

In one corner of my garden is a hot-bed where I raise Smiles because they have to be forced! My gardener's name is B. A. Goodman.

Later—The Grumble Vine broke my fence! I have cut it down, but the root is still there! I have mended the break in the fence with as much Pluck as I could find and have been gathering my flowers and tying them together with Good Resolutions.

CROSS CURRENTS.

If home life could invariably go on smoothly without a single cross current of petty aims, foolish jealousies, or needless fretfulness, the family would be lifted up to a higher plane, the children would behave better and be less liable to make mistakes, and the houshold would be a more ruffling and agitating a stream that should be shining in the The adverse winds that blow across domestic tranquility, ruffling and agitating a stream that should be shining in the sunlight, are due no doubt to human infirmity. Perhaps more attention is paid to them than they deserve. "The shallows murmur while the deeps are dumb." When great trials come one sees families who apparently had little loyalty to the bond standing shoulder to shoulder, each doing all that is possible to strengthen and sustain the one most in need of help. Underneath superficial and trivial differences the ties of a common blood are apt to unite people who have grown up beneath the same roof. The pity is that so many good times are marred, that so often there is alienation, that so frequently there are small feuds that grow to great ones, all because of cross currents in home life, for which somebody is responsible. Father, or mother, or children, on whomsoever the blame may lie, should remember that life is brief, that God sees and hears every act and word, and that many a time when there are discords in the family our Lord is wounded in the house of his friends. Not a great while ago, I was told the story of a daughter who for thirty years could not forgive her father for something in which he offended her when she was a girl. The coldness and estrangement on both sides continued and the ice was never melted. Father and daughter were of the same stuff, both with wills like bars of iron; both with proud, unyielding tempers, and the result was a lifelong alienation. How are they to account for this shameful quarrel when they meet in the presence of Him who said that foregiveness was to be indefinite? Not until seven times, but until seventy times-seven in the case of a brother offending.

In the cross currents of home life the thing to be most carefully avoided is the raising of an issue. It is far better to pass over many a small or great offense without notice than to spend time and strength in fighting over it. Above everything, there should be a resolute determination to maintain outward relations that are pleasant, even though pride has to be trampled under foot.—From the Christian Intelligencer.

YOUR MEMORY.

Do you have a good memory? Can you remember names, faces, odors, what you see, hear, read? Do you know that youth is the time in which to store the memory full of the gems of poetry, literature and art? Young men, young women, get busy! Train your memory, just as you train your muscles, by using it. Find some great poem—not a long one—and learn five, ten, twenty lines a day. In a year you will have stored away eighteen hundred, thirty-six hundred or seven thousand lines of something that will be of wonderful help and comfort to you when you get to be even as old as I am—and I am still a youngster compared to what I expect to be. Why not set apart a few minutes morning or evening for such memory discipline? There are scores of poems you will be glad to know, passages from the Bible, Emerson, the sacred books of the Hindus, quotations from Shakespeare and Browning and Tennyson and all the poets and dramatists, fine passages of description from the travelers, funny stories from the humorists—scores, hundreds, thousands of things worth while! Are you using your fragments of time in anything worth while? Then why not do it this way. Go to the vaudeville show a little less often—cut out the moving picture show once or twice a week. Train yourself to entertain yourself. It's an awful thing to find yourself away from a place of amusement and that you don't know how to fill up the time. If your memory is stored with treasures of literature you can entertain yourself for six months in the heart of a desert. Read the masterpieces of the various authors, and fill your mind and memory with the characteristics of the leading heroes of history, of drama, of invention, of fiction.—Physical Culture.

Our Young People

FIVE LITTLE BROTHERS.

Five little boys set out together
To journey the livelong day,
In a curious carriage all made of leather
They hurried away, away!
One big brother and three quite small,
And one wee fellow, no size at all.

The carriage was dark and none too roomy,
And they could not move about;
The five little brothers grew very gloomy
And the wee one began to pout,
Till the biggest one whispered, "What do you say?
Let's leave the carriage and run away!"

So out they scampered, the five together,
And off and away they sped—
When somebody found the carriage of leather,
Oh, my, how she shook her head!
'Twas her little boy's shoe, as every one knows,
And the five little brothers were five little toes.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WHY THE HORSE WHINNIED

By Mary Alden Hopkins.

Adelaide was tired of shopping. Stores are so large and there are so few places where a little girl can sit down to rest. If mother had been shopping in the toy department it would have been different, but sheets and pillowcases are stupid though necessary. So mother left Adelaide at Father's office, while she went back to the shops and sheets and pillowcases.

Father is an editor and he sits at his desk writing, writing, always writing. When Adelaide was younger she supposed he was doing his writing lesson as she did twice a week, but now she knows that he writes down all that happens the world over, so that the printers may know what to print in the columns of the evening paper.

When one calls on Father one must sit very quietly by the window looking at pictures in papers and magazines or cutting them out for paper dolls. One must not interrupt Father, unless it is absolutely necessary—like a cut finger or a pin that hurts—and one must never, never fret, not even if it is a quarter of an hour past luncheon time.

This morning Adelaide settled herself with the mucilage bottle and the big desk shears, and some lovely tissue paper rescued from the wastebasket, to make a dress for a lady doll cut out of a magazine. As she sat there working she heard a horse whinny in the street below. Some whinnies mean, "Please, master, I'm tired of waiting here." Others are "How-de-do's" to passing horse acquaintances. Adelaide wondered what this one meant.

She colored the lady doll's eyes blue and her cheeks red, with Father's colored pencils. Then she heard the horse talking again. The window was so high and the sill so broad that she could not see down into the street below. She wished she knew what the horse wanted. All the time Adelaide was making the lady doll's gown—blue with a white yoke—that horse whinnied.

The dress was just finished—it was lovely—when Father laid down his work, got up from his chair, and asked,

"How about luncheon?"

The nicest part of visiting Father is going out to luncheon with him. One goes to a funny little restaurant where, instead of pictures on the wall are framed signs reading, "Oysters," "Chicken Salad," "Coffee Rolls," and names of other delicious dishes. One sits at a little round table with Father, and orders either from these sign-pictures or from the bill-of-fare, which is fine print, and harder to read.

So when Father laid down his work, got up from his chair, and said, "What about luncheon?" Adelaide quickly laid down her work, slipped out of her chair and replied, "O, yes."

They went down in the elevator and through the large hall. As they reached the sidewalk, that same horse whinnied again and this time Adelaide knew what he was talking about for she could see him. Just out from under his nose a fruit vender had set up a stand of pears, large and yellow and fragrant.

"O, Father," cried Adelaide, "he has been teasing for a pear for the longest time and I heard him, but I didn't know what he wanted because I couldn't see him or the pears either. You poor horsey, how dreadful to have all that smell and not a single taste!"

"What would we better do about it?" asked Father, smiling.

Adelaide considered.

"You know, Father," she said, "that while you drink

your little cup of coffee that is just like my dolls' cups, I have a glass of milk and a banana or an orange or a peach.

Father remembered.

"Now I think I will have a pear today and if you would just as lief I will have it now and give it to horsey because he wants it so badly."

Father said he was feeling rather rich today and perhaps he might afford to treat both the horse and Adelaide ro dessert. He bought two pears of the fruit seller—they were two for five cents—and Adelaide took one by the stem and held it up to the horse. He pushed out his lips as horses do and seized the fruit in them. While he ate it he blinked at Adelaide in a contented fashion. After he had eaten the second pear and Adelaide and her Father were walking on, he whinnied again, but this time the whinny said, "Thank you."

"Didn't he enjoy them!" said Adelaide. "I guess if you really feel rich enough to afford it, I will have a pear myself while you drink your doll's cup of coffee, instead of a banana or an orange or a peach."

THEY BEGGED HIS PARDON.

Two boys were in a schoolroom alone together and exploded some fireworks. The one boy denied it. The other, Ben Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again:

"Why didn't you deny it?" asked the real offender.

"Because there was only we two, and one of us must have lied," said Ben.

"Then why not say I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't."

The boy's heart melted. Ben's moral gallantry subdued him. When school reassembled the young culprit marched up to the master's desk and said:

"Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar. I let off the squibs." And he burst into tears.

The master's eyes glistened on the self-accuser, and the undeserved punishment he had inflicted on the other boy smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if he and the other boy were joined in the confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat and said aloud:

"Ben, lad, he and I beg your pardon. We are both to blame."

The school was hushed and still, as other schools are apt to be when something true and noble is being done—so still they might almost have heard Ben's big boy tears dropping on his book as he sat and enjoyed the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as all the rest. And when, from want of something else to say, he gently cried, "Master, forever!" the loud shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles which made him wipe them before he sat down again.—Sunday School Advocate.

THE REASON FOR HIS POPULARITY.

One day Billy was a stranger; at the end of a week he was as much at home as any boy on the street.

"We are glad he came," Teddy Farr said. "We like him."

And the other boys said pretty much the same thing.

"Why is this Billy such a favorite?" Mr. Farr asked Mrs. Farr.

"I don't know yet," said Mrs. Farr. "I'm watching to find out."

And when three more weeks had passed she thought she knew.

A group of boys were out in front of her gate one afternoon, and she heard one of them say, "Pshaw! What can we play? I wish the snow hadn't all gone into mud."

"We had just finished our fort," said another, "and were ready to begin, but it washed down in the night."

"Anyway, we had fun making it," said Billy. "Let's start and play something that doesn't need snow."

When Mrs. Farr looked again they were sailing ships down the gutter and discovered the Mississippi with great excitement.

Another time Teddy had to go on an errand and asked the others to keep him company.

"Oh, we can't," objected somebody; "we've got it all planned to walk out in the other direction and see the place where the fire was last night."

"Why wouldn't it do," said Billy, "to go with Teddy first?" We needn't come all the way back, need we? There ought to be some short cuts."

Well, when they had put their heads together, they remembered that there were.

Then there was the day when Joe Hall lost his arithmetic. Joe and Billy were the best in the school in arithmetic. Joe hated to miss any of his lessons.

"Never mind," said Billy. "My book will do for both until yours turns up. We are pretty quick at it, you know. We can manage."

When the mud froze hard and the snow came again, and the boys brought out the sleds to go coasting, Billy appeared with the funniest home-made one that was ever seen. "It isn't very pretty," he said cheerfully, when the others were trying to be polite and look as if they saw nothing different in it, "but it will do. When you go scudding down hill on it, the feeling is just the same."

"If," said Teddy, during a rainy recess, "Will Pritchard had only come to school today, we would try that new game he was telling us about."

"Let's try it anyway," said billy. "We can play all we remember and make up the rest. That will do until we can get the real thing."

On one sad afternoon, when they were having a game of ball in the school yard, Billy broke a cellar window. After a crash there was a pause of dismay.

"We must have kept getting nearer to the house without noticing it," said Billy.

"How would it do," suggested Joe, "to be quiet until we are asked about it? Maybe Mr. Nevin will think that the street boys did it. They broke one."

"It wouldn't do at all," said Billy, quickly. "It wouldn t be fair."

He told Mr. Nevin, and paid for the pane; and after that he was short of money for some time, for Billy was poor.

After the three weeks, Mrs. Farr said to Mr. Farr: "I think I know why the boys like Billy."

"Why?"

"Because he has a delightful habit of getting the best for himself and his friends out of what he has at hand. He makes things 'do,' except the things that won't do at all. I like Billy myself," she said smiling.—Evangelical Messenger.

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THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS GRANDMA.

"Weren't children ever, ever naughty when you were a little girl, grandma?" asked a small granddaughter one time. You see, this little girl had heard so much about "ye olden days" and how good little children were expected to be, that she felt discouraged, for she knew she was not always so very good herself. How grandma did laugh at the question, and then she told the little girl that children hadn't changed very much since olden times.

"But you never were naughty yourself, were you, grandma?" was the next question; and then grandma laughed again.

"Once," she began, and of course that meant a story. "Once when I was just your age I was learning to sew, and my mother had said I must hem a seam until I came to a pin, where I could stop. When I reached that pin I could go over and spend the afternoon with a little chum of mine," she said. "I sewed; but I fretted more than I sewed; finally, when mother's back was turned, I thought I would just take the pin out and move it up a little; but I lost the place and put the pin very much farther down than mother put it, so that I made my seam nearly three times as long. I sewed and sewed until mother thought surely I must have finished what she had given me to do. She came to look at my work, but I was not even half through yet, and it was time to go see my little chum if I was to go at all. Mother looked queer as she took up my work to examine it. She asked me if I touched the pin and I began to cry. Then she showed me the place where the pin was at first, and I saw that I had sewed away past that place and might have been over at my chum's having a beautiful time at least half an hour before. Mother just handed my work back to me and very quietly said, 'You cannot go over to see Mary Jane until you reach that pin.' I did not reach that long seam for two days, and I never touched the pin mother put in my sewing again, and that is all of that story," said grandma.

"O," said the little granddaughter, "I suppose that was naughty, but I feel awfully sorry for that little girl who was you."

"So did my mother feel sorry for me," said grandma, "and so do I feel sorry when somebody else is naughty," she added.

"But that isn't very often, is it, grandma?"

"No, indeed," said grandma; "children are just as good as they used to be, I think!"—Selected.

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